

Assembly Today At Eleven

Several Students Are To Participate In Rose Festival

For the first time in history, Tyler Junior College is to have a float in the Rose Festival parade this year. Mr. Jenkins appointed a committee, composed of Miss Rucker, chairman; Miss Howell, Miss Roberts and Mr. Henderson, to work for the success of the float.

At first it was to be Arthur Williams' stripped-down Ford. The next stage of development was Bill Forman's big Nash. Its final stage is Leiland Ferrier's pick-up truck, so disguised that his own father will never recognize it.

The cab of the float is to be covered to represent an Indian tepee. Foster Bullock and Arthur Williams, dressed in Indian costume and holding appropriate symbols, will ride on the front of the float.

The rear of the float will be a garden scene of yellow roses running on a trellis and green grass covering on the floor. Three junior college girls, Adrah Hicks, Lucille Williams and Donina Spivey, dressed in graduation robes and caps, will be seated on a platform and will carry arm bouquets of talisman roses. The front and sides of the float are to be covered in black and gold, Apache colors, and ornamented with yellow roses and Apache pennants.

Three cheers go to Mr. Glenney's shop classes, who are constructing the float, and also to Mrs. Smother's art classes, who are making roses and scrolls for decorations.

Since the theme of the parade this year is "Americanism," our Apache Indians should feel quite at home.

Debate Classes Decide Question Of Third Term

The 213 speech class has decided on a very controversial subject for class discussion for the next month. Resolved, that Franklin D. Roosevelt should be elected President of the United States in the November, 1940, election. If you happen to pass 204 about 2 p.m. some Monday, Wednesday or Friday and see someone being thrown on his ear it will probably be Roosevelt Campbell. He'll be ably supported, though, by those other Willkies, Wini Main and Herbert Walters. Lester Wood and Jeanette Thigpen really held out for Franklin D. Roosevelt. And you'll be surprised to know that Aldris Cheek and Paul Hill can debate as well as play basketball. Marie Phaup is a newcomer with quite some experience in speaking. Arthur Williams is also trying his hand at debate this year. The Turner, Huffman, Reynolds combination is left-overs from last year's squad and are excellent debaters.

The national college question should be decided by Oct. 10. Then the study and research will begin in earnest—also, debate trips will begin soon. Any T.J.C. student who is interested in working on the debate squad is urged to see the coach, Miss Rucker, right away.

Las Mascaras Holds Its Opening Meeting In New Speech Room Monday Night, Sept. 23

Initiation Plans Include Many Requirements

The next regular meeting of Las Mascaras will be held in the speech room of the new auditorium the second Monday night in October, Oct. 14. At this time an initiation meeting will be held for all new members. Former members will conduct the initiation. All T.J.C. students are eligible for membership, and it is felt that any student who wishes to join Las Mascaras should be willing to demonstrate his interest in dramatics by complying with these simple rules. The requirements for membership are as follows:

1. Pay 50c per semester dues.
2. Study provisions of the constitution of Las Mascaras.
3. Learn the song and the motto.
4. Perform some one dramatic project, such as:
 - Take part in or direct a scene for a play or skit.
 - Write an original play or skit.
 - Make a model program for a club meeting.
 - Make out a light plot for a play.
 - Make out a property list for a play.
 - Costume a doll or a person for a character in a play.
 - Construct a model stage.
 - Draw a stage plot for a play.
 - Make a report on a current play or actor.
 - Give a talk on make-up.
 - Do a short dramatic reading.
 - Any other dramatic project.

This type of initiation will help the sponsors to find out the abilities of the new members. It will also show that the would-be members are willing to do some dramatic work. The initiation promises to be fun and entertaining for old and new members alike.

Papoose Contestants Will Receive Award

The newest brain child of the Pow-Wow, that is to say of the erratic heads of this institution, is the Pow-Wow Papoose. This is a mimeographed paper of two sheets which contains gossip—and little else. It came out last week and was rather listlessly received by the student body. The heads fervently hope that it will be more favorably received in the future. The little Papoose started things with a bang and a whiffle and piffle by having a contest. The editors are pleased to announce that of the many entries they received, after careful consideration, have given the award to Joice Friday and Melrose Murphy. These attractive girls attend Tyler High School and are prominent in affairs there. They were chosen not because they were the only perfect entries, but because they were the first perfect entries received. In the future the contests will be announced more widely in order that the students may have the knowledge and enter it.

Wanted: For the teachers to quit waking me in class by talking too loud. Aldris Cheek.

Wanted: A seat next to a smart pupil in all my classes. Victor Fry.

Las Mascaras held its first meeting of the year Monday, Sept. 23, in the speech room of the new auditorium. This was an organization meeting for the new semester. Sixty-five people were present, and all seemed enthusiastic about plans for the year.

King Huffman, who was elected the last meeting of last year to serve as president this year, presided. The following officers were selected by the club to serve for the first semester: Joe Reynolds, vice-president; Lucille Williams, secretary; Leiland Ferrier, treasurer; Modelle Watts, reporter and scrapbook keeper; Sonny Tooke, sergeant-at-arms. Wini-fred Main was selected as publicity chairman, and Janet Anderson as entertainment chairman. The following students make up the program committee: Bill Lawrence, Philip Wolf, Martha Jo Hawes and Louise Crews.

Lucille Williams reported for the constitution committee on certain changes for the year. A lively discussion was held and some changes made. Betty Joe McKay reported for the initiation committee on the initiation of new members, which is to be held at the next regular meeting, Oct. 14. Each person filled out a card stating what things they would prefer doing for Las Mascaras this year.

Other T.J.C. students who were not present at the first meeting may still join the club if they so desire at the next meeting. Make your college year happier by joining Las Mascaras!

Girls' Lounge Is Transformed By New Furniture

The girls in the college take great pride in the transformation of their lounge. Last year's students will remember the pleasure given by the lounge and were surprised and pleased by this year's additions. Great care has been taken in the past by all the girls to keep it attractive, comfortable and clean. The couch has been covered with a grey-green rayon brocade material. Miss Johnnie Wills, an ex-Apache, has graciously contributed a gold and ivory chair with an ottoman. Because of its delicate color, we are asked to be extremely careful.

The chairmen of the lounge committee up until Christmas are as follows:

Sue Jean Hall, Elva Adams, Frances Jean Thompson, Nannie Bert Clark, Janet Anderson, Nixen Davis, Brownie Lou Davidson, Mary Anna Wilson, Dixie Hall, Lois Virginia Wood, Mary Jo Bass and Hattie Bell Walker.

Each chairman is to name two assistants of her own choosing.

Travelogue

I've kissed girls in Singapore, In Brooklyn and in Maine, There've been girls that I kissed once, And girls I kissed again; Some of them will tote the torch, And some of them forget me (Girls I wanted most to kiss Were those who wouldn't let me.)

For rent: Our brains to help you in any money-making scheme.

Staff of the Pow-Wow.

Wanted: See me before you buy. Billy Reilly.

T. J. C. To Have Float In The Festival Fete

Las Mascaras Dramatics Club is very honored to have the privilege of furnishing the characters for several of the floats in the Rose Festival parade—on the invitation of Mr. Robin of San Antonio, who designs the floats. David King Huffman is to be George Washington; also Ernest Howard is the same character on another float. Marcia Moneysmith will portray Betsy Ross and Louise Crews will symbolize Liberty. Two interesting characters are Leiland Ferrier as Benjamin Franklin and Joe Reynolds as Thomas Jefferson. Lester Wood and R. L. Mayne are to serve as two members of the "Spirit of '76." James Barnes is a Canadian Mountie, and Leslie Waterland as Uncle Sam.

We understand that the costumes for these characters have been ordered from New York. Also, we have heard it rumored that the news reel cameramen and possibly Life Magazine photographers may take pictures of the parade.

Apportionment Of Funds Now Made Public By Dean

Every year the activity money which is paid the college is apportioned to the various clubs and organizations of the school on a percentage basis. The dean has once more announced these appropriations. The complete amount to be divided was \$519 for this semester.

Basketball	35%
Speech activities	16%
Miscellaneous	10%
Baseball	4%
Social affairs	10%
Pow-Wow	10%
Tennis, track and golf	6%
Phi Theta Kappa	2%
Girls' Forum	2%
W.A.A.	5%

A committee was formed of faculty members and members of the student body, representing the various organizations. The fees were allotted on the percentage basis, according to the most benefit which would be derived by the greatest number of students.

The money is now given at the beginning of the semester. This is considered an improvement to the old method of allotting small sums at irregular intervals. This fund adds to the democracy of the participation. The fees are larger this year than any other year that the college has known. This is due to the greater number of full-time students, greater number of enrolled students and the new method of dealing with the activity fees.

Wanted: Fewer game wardens or the limit on doves increased. Donnie Campbell.

Wanted: Lots of parties and dances this year. Student Body.

Wanted: Someone to replace the two Bills, who are off the reservation. Adrah Hicks.

Wanted: To be able to tell the McMillian twins apart. Harold Tyler.

The First College Assembly Held In New Auditorium

Every loyal Apache awaits eagerly a special assembly in which the history and traditions of Tyler Junior College are recounted once more, and the new Freshmen are imbued with Apache culture. Last year and again this year, it is hoped, Miss Frances Poston, an Apache of long standing, will tell as only she can tell it, the story of Apacheland and the younger days of T.J.C. The totem pole, practically a relic, which Sam Nash made and willed the college will be shown and its hieroglyphics explained to all who do not understand. It is gold and black and is of humble origin, a stove pipe and a coffee can. It stands in the Pow-Wow office for those who wish to see it. The tom-tom and Indian Chief's headdress are genuine pieces held in pride and esteem. The Apache Pow-Wow itself will be discussed by Miss Poston who was instrumental in its progress.

A musical program has been prepared by Mr. Patton, and Louise McLane, the girl with the simply lovely voice, will sing.

Rumor had it that there was a possibility of Mr. Martin Dies speaking at this college assembly. However it is only a rumor to date and not at all verified. Unfortunately, the Pow-Wow was not able to hold the presses long enough to find out. Dr. Dies will be here for the Rose Festival this week end.

Miss Brandenburg Gives Reception For The College

The first open house of the year for the college students and faculty was held by Miss Allene Brandenburg at her home, 615 South Bois d'Arc, on Saturday night, Sept. 28, from 7:30 until 9:30 o'clock. She was assisted by her niece, Miss Lou Davidson, who is attending the junior college this year as a freshman. Others in the house party were Mrs. Lulu Davidson from Dallas, Miss Mary Henderson and Miss Adele Henderson of the faculty. The four girls in the mid-term graduating class were in charge of refreshments in the dining room. They were Miss Rosalie Breedlove, Miss Charlotte Thompson, Mrs. Mary Louise Yarbrough and Miss Mary Louise Dunn.

The home was decorated throughout with pink roses and ageratum. The roses and ageratum were also used in a crystal bowl as the centerpiece for the dining table, which was covered with a sheer linen cloth. About 100 guests called. Guests whose names began with the letter A through L were asked to call from 7:30 until 8:30 o'clock and those from M through Z at 8:30 through 9:30 o'clock. Miss Mattie L. Jones was a special guest.

The object of the party was for the students to become better acquainted with each other and with their instructors.

Dean H. E. Jenkins congratulated the Pow-Wow staff in getting out the paper so early and making it such a good one. He suggested that the co-editors and business manager and assistant be awarded keys in recognition of their services.

HAVE YOU PAID
YOUR LAS
MASCARAS DUES?

The Pow-Wow

STUDENT PUBLICATION OF
TYLER JUNIOR COLLEGE

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Co-Editors in Chief Marcia Moneysmith and
Adrah Janice Hicks
Exchange Editor Nancy Clark
Staff Photographer Philip Wolf
Sports Editor Talmage Main

REPORTERS

La Verne Wilhite, Lorena Meyer, Brownie Lou Davidson, Maryanne Flannagan, Virginia Allen, Modelle Watts, Arthur Williams, Miss Ruth Rucker, Janet Anderson, R. L. Mayne, and Betty Jane Baker.

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The Political Question

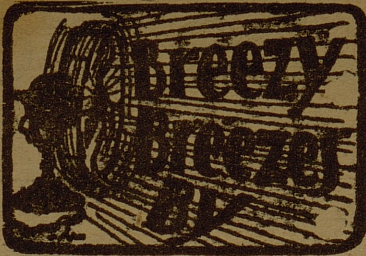
As the November Presidential election nears we find the school so interested and divided on campaign issues that we feel we must come to some definite arguments and conclusions on the subject. We find two opposing factions clashing in the Government, Economics, and Debate classes arguing hotly for their candidates. The followers in each case are remarkably alike.

Willkie supporters have a fervent belief in their candidate; they won't be shouted down; they are united as one person; they loudly declaim the merits of Willkie and look with disgust and some pity on Roosevelt followers. They launch into individual campaigns with a gusto and enthusiasm which is unequalled. They are extremely difficult to talk to, spouting "fundamentals, economics, ideals, democracy, tradition." They harp on the Constitution. They think it is their personal duty and privilege to convert voters. These are typical and universal characteristics.

Roosevelt supporters, on the other hand, are in great majority but not nearly so united. The percentage for Roosevelt is larger outside the college than within the walls. There is a tendency among them to base arguments on detailed and irrelevant material and to forget economic consequences. There is much distrust and intolerance of Willkie, especially in outlying districts all because of the utilities position which he recently resigned. However, this is the perversity and stubbornness, and distrust of wealth and centralized government that built democracy and, also, sectionalism.

Roosevelt boosters are from the common people it is true; whereas the middle class consisting of business and professional men generally make up the Willkie members. Roosevelt and O'Daniel is a combination often found. With Willkie-ites it is simply Willkie. Perhaps this is because Republicans are relatively unimportant in state issues.

In so far as background is concerned these men are entirely different. Franklin Roosevelt is of an old and wealthy family which has made many contributions to politics. His environment exudes culture. He is conceded the greatest speaker in the United States, a tremendous advantage since the wide use of radio. Wendell Willkie came from the Middle West. His father and mother were lawyers. His home was very informal, the walls were lined with books and knowledge was the supreme virtue. Under this influence developed the dynamically brilliant, erratic personality of this student of history.



Well, kiddies, the friends have surged around once more and we can once more bring you the low down on the higher ups as well as the common man.

We would like to introduce a new club. This little organization, The Great I-Am, has only recently been organized. It has been very popular with the students. Many of the students think that this club is the best of its kind on the reservation.

Some of the members have been interviewed, with the thought that if the masses knew their secrets of success, they, too, might try for this honor. Miss Winifred Collins, blond freshman lass, says:

"I owe it all to my personality. Of course, my blond curls had a large part in it."

R. L. Mayne, when interviewed, modestly said that he had been working toward this for some time and that "I should have made it sooner, but some of the students felt that it might be fairer to select someone who would have greater difficulties for this honor . . . because I would never have been overlooked."

Victor Fry said that his line, together with that flashy car, did the trick. "The girls can't resist me, either! It is indeed fortunate that I stayed here this year, for who could have taken my place?"

Marion Glasco, the new president, coyly confided that it was all a matter of being "cute, sweet, irresistible!"

E. P. Richards: "With brains, looks, personality like mine I think I am wasting my time here. However, my line has enabled me to climb to the top of the social ladder."

"We think that it is a great honor and that we are unworthy, but we will both accept it, and be a member of this club—" the Williams . . . Arthur and Lucille.

Jimmy Shaw: "I am waiting for the talent scouts to discover me. My face with the hollows in the cheeks is irresistible to women."

Virginia Allen: "I am so versatile—and I am well liked, too."

So we leave this club, which will undoubtedly take in some new members if they should receive the proper applicants, and turn to the romances . . . Frances Jean looking nonchalant and greeting friends with Doyle at her side . . . Derrell Tooke flitting about town, and to airport, with a cutie . . . Dorothy Jane

Lindsay looking as if the world existed again—J. O. was here . . . David King Huffman wriggling and shying away from entanglements—he is almost as girl-shy as Bernard . . . Mary Jo Bass is still the little poisonality goil. I suppose she looks ahead and plans jaunts to collitche representing th' collitche an' is doing some campaigning on the sly. . . . Leonard Clark is not seeming to carry a torch—but he gave a few girls a tumble—and publicity, too.

Bob Cole, imported from the bit of space given to the Lions, is quite clever . . . listen to him chatter some time, if you think otherwise.

Foster B., the basketball lad who was here last year, looks very, very much like what we wish we could look like—except Bernard and Buck . . . Spencer again invaded the halls and gives us the man of the world patter—welcome home.

Doris Levinthal is puzzling me . . . it IS Eddie, isn't it? But that flirting on the side isn't quite cricket now, is it?

I guess Donovan is still in luv—

Jack Morris gave no one a tumble last year . . . could that mean an outside interferer that we know nothing about? We wouldn't object, if our curiosity were satisfied and we knew who.

Sue Hall, Jean Price, Marvannette Gordon, Elvira Pabst, Carroll Grant, Floyd Ray, Joe Reynolds, Clay Ford, Norma Epperson and Nannie Bert Clark should be snaffled up quick. Investigate IMMEDIATELY!

Martha Lynn is not harboring a secret flame . . . at least at last report she wasn't. She is really one of the most attractive blondes in many a moon . . . and isn't she clever, too?

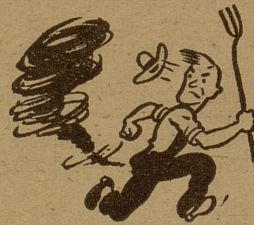
Talmadge Main and his sis, Wini, have been flitting about doing good deeds, saying witty little things, being nice in an unobtrusive way. Please, Santa, send us more like that for Christmas.

IS James Barnes really being played for a sucker? Or is it just a nasty rumor?

Sue Aiken may be the brain trust if you don't watch her . . .

Cader Shelby has been overlooked by the wags . . . we would like to organize these clever fellows and see what we have.

Bill Lawrence and his luke-warm romance. We might be See BREEZY BREEZES, Page 4

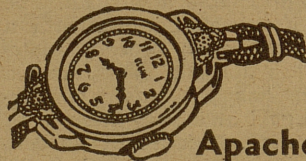


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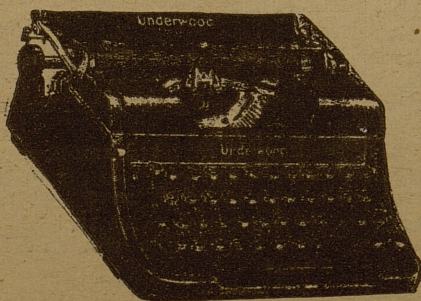
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RUMBLINGS ON THE RESERVATION

"How the World Crisis Affects
The Students of T.J.C."

(Editor's note: This is the first in a series of articles written by outstanding students on our campus expressing their opinions on vital topics of interest to the nation. This is written by an Apache who is truly qualified to write on the subject. His record is unsurpassed by any other student: His scholastic record is envied by many. He is respected and admired by faculty and students alike. He has traveled widely and knows his subject thoroughly. In the future any student who would like to have their works appear in this column must turn them in a week in advance in order that they may be given the special consideration necessary.)

They were driving back from the country estate to the penthouse when the blow finally fell. Virginia had suspected such a remark from her husband for some time but now that he had actually said it brought the terrible situation into startling reality. Jim had said it so casually that it brought tears to her eyes. Just a simple, "Darling, I'm sorry, but we just can't go on like this."

Yes, she knew things had not been going smoothly between them lately but she thought it could be smoothed over just as all the other incidents had been smoothed over in their 12 years of married life. Tears began to fall openly now but she pretended it was only the wind and managed a little smile. Oh, how difficult it was to smile at a time like this but, of course, she couldn't let him know the pain that was aching in her heart. Her pride and breeding would never permit such a thing. So with eyes wet and heart heavy, she determined to face the future bravely and courageously.

"No," Jim repeated, "I'm afraid we can't go on like this. I knew that rear tire would go flat if it wasn't fixed."

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IDIOT'S DELIGHT

It was only after a great deal of thought that Mr. Shultz and I decided to start out on this difficult and dangerous journey through the jungle. We had felt that it would be wiser to wait until the rainy season was over, but Pete advised us against it. "Ah doan lik to influence you all, but it's now or neveh. Ah got to take th' boys out on this trip an' we ain't goin' that way agin in a long time. Fact is, after th' trip we plans some civic reforms and to see about some festivals. That has got to be looked into. Ah would advise that you go if you is akin' to go somewheres."

I tried vainly to fit his speech together. I tried to make it fit into my mind. I understood it all but I still was far from my decision. I looked to the sky and tried to be scientific about the matter. I turned to my comrade.

"What would you advise us to do, Mr. Shultz?" I queried.

He hesitated a split second before he answered with courtesy: "I really don't know, old man. But you have been itching to do something. Sooner or later you will do something, so you might as well go with Pete."

I blushed at his words, for they were pure truth. I had to confess that I was a bit restless. I hungered for excitement. I dreamed of adventure. My eyes brightened and I beamed upon all those about me.

"Then that settles it. We shall go . . . Shultz? Shultz, you plan to go with me, don't you?" I paused here for his reply. He hung his head coyly and I sensed danger about this subject. "You surely wouldn't fail to accompany me, would you? I can't see my way clear to go unless you go also."

A pleased smile replaced his sulky expression. All was well. Huzza, huzza, another new day. It was a time to rejoice. I beamed at Pete and recklessly gave him a pound of American coffee.

"Ah've gotta plan the supplies. Now that we are going to have

visitors ah have gotta have new supplies."

I hastily interrupted him here. Pete, the chief, was nice, but I knew his diet and feared that he might confuse us with his warriors. That was a misfortune too horrible to imagine. I had to keep Shultz supplied with his correct quota of vitamins for he was always rather delicate, in spite of his ability to eat and drink three normal men under any table.

"We can manage well enough . . . that will be a load off your mind . . . One can be so busy at a time like this. So many little things come up that demand your attention."

We settled the food question and, indeed, all the other questions pertaining to our comfort and well being. We set off one day at the hour before dawn. I felt very excited and found difficulty in carrying all my pack, admiring the sights I saw and being careful not to hurt someone's feelings. The warriors were a bit touchy because one of the chief's granddaughters had burned some of the best war bonnets the night before. They finally cheered up after a bit when the day dawned bright and clear. The only noise was the pad of feet on the earth and the sound of insects being slapped away. The insects were bad at the beginning of the trip . . . I refuse to tell you the hard times we endured because of the pesky, infinitesimal little beasts.

We had ventured into the jungle for a period of three weeks and Shultz and I had found the situation good in spite of a shortage of liquid refreshment. About noon we called a halt and had a sort of brunch . . . that was followed by a brief siesta. Then we started again, but Shultz got a pebble in his shoe. He sat down upon a stone to remove it, although I had feared he might try to shag it out, he did no such thing. He was thus occupied when he chanced to spy some mounds which interested him greatly. He inspected them. He then called to us to stop, fearing that he might get separated from his party. We trudged back unwillingly. The chief and the warriors scoffed at the mounds . . . they said that even "them ole buildings ain't so good." We inquired about this.

THE DRAMATIC RAT

Dear Mrs. Rat:

They tell me that I'm the rat I was last year, so you'll be hearing from me more or less spontaneously. Last Monday night when it was raining cats 'n' dogs (whew, but we rats had a chase!) those masked raiders—better known as Las Mascaras—met in the lil ole bitty auditorium. There is a larger one upstairs 'n' Aunt Ruthie, who is a nice lady rat 'n' so's Aunt Milly, will take 'em up there if very many more join the club.

It certainly was funny to hear those baby freshmen 'n' fresh girls talking 'bout initiation and punishment being primary. Cheese! What if Mr. Beasley hears about this? Joe Reynolds should help Mr. Webster—Joe is so-o-o interested in the precise words in the Las Mas constitution.

Mademoiselle (blame it on Aunt Milly) Rat, if you ever intend to diet begin now for rumors are chasing themselves around school that Mr. D. K. Caldwell is going to give all the members o' Las Mascaras another dinner at the country club 'n' you know what good eats we always have! Betty Jo McKay and Billy Dean—last year's Las Mas president, celebrated lil Bett's birthday with a movie Monday night—there's nothing, like old age, is there, Betty Jo?

The football stadium finds most o' the dramatics students trying out their voice exercises, which reminds me that football seems to run in the Breedlove family. Rosalie has a local coach all her own to explain the plays to her.

Now don't forget your hay-fever during the Rose Festival. 's too bad you aren't allergic to orchids, too.

Solonguntilannudertime,
SCRAPPY RAT.

Exchange

His cross unseen,
His coffin bare,
Here lies the man
Who wasn't there.
—The Campus.

There, little Republican,
Don't you cry!
You'll turn Democrat
By and by.
—The College Star.

An old maid is a young woman who says "no" until she is too old to say "yes."

—The Bat.

God helps those who help themselves—but God help those who get caught helping themselves.
—The Bat.



Hello, Folks:

I'm running behin' skedual now, but seein' as you all are such a fine tribe o' Injuns, I don't see no reason why I ought not stop and pow-wow a while. I just wondered how many of you uz goin' to see the parade tomorrow. It seems like Miss Rucker's gettin' up a float for us for that parade, Injuns and purty gals and roses and everything. Cours', I gess she's got some help from students and some uv the faculty but you can figger on it that she's devotin' her all to the job. Anyhow, me an ol' Neb and little Osmosis is goin' to be there and see what kinda skeem she's got hatched anyhow. They tell me King Huffman is takin' on a hobby to rest his mind between debates. Gosh, I wish I had a hobby like Lorena Mayer. Speaking of debate, the debate squad is warming up on the Willkie-Roosevelt question. Everythin' breakable is moved out of the arena except one vase and they like to uv had to sweep it out in pieces th' other day when "Roosevelt" Turner threatened to use it on "Willkie" Campbell. Coach all but swears that she ain't gonna express no opinion, but evabody in there knows that she's the biggest Roosevelt backer on the squad. I bet they do have it roun' and roun' when the real debate question gets here. I think the injuneers, or the pre-lause ought to git a conseshun and sell tickets the first argument on the real question. By the way, I just now seen Leslie Waterland an' wondured how he and Dorothy Nell are now. An' while wee're gossipin' here's a few other things you've probably heard so long ago that there plumb stale. FLASH! (Ah heered that on the radioe.) Hogie is out of town fer three

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munts. Are you Apaches gonna iit Louise Crews sit home durin' thet time? Flash! Where can Lester Wood be foun' most any time? Don't say I said so, but ya mite try S. Tannin Street. Why? Why is it thet I don't ever see Joe Reynolds escortin' members uv th' obbosit sex? And how, oh, how does Billy Riley no so many ansers in his English class? I thot it wuz agin his religion to study. Did you know th' Mrs. Watkins is a girl that there jist ain't many lik now a days? If I ever git th' idea thet Amandy U'll make haf as devoted a wife as thet Mrs. Watkins, I'm agointa hitch up ta her fast as ole Neb cin git us to th' parson's. I don't kno, but from all appearances, J. T. an' Bernard (Galopin' Kangaroo) Clayton shure are gettin' in a rut. Did I say gettin'? Hev ya met th' new squaw, Joyce Harrell? Well, ya better, 'cause it won't be long 'fore som big brave u'll git wise 'n' notice jist how nice an' sweet an' purty she is. Wonder how last year's Apache Sam Bailly an' th' missus are git-tin' along? I ain't seen um in sum time.

See THE FARM KID, Page 4

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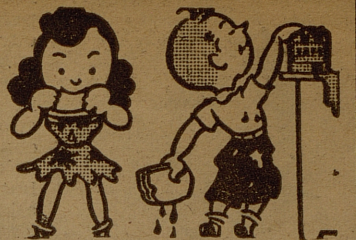
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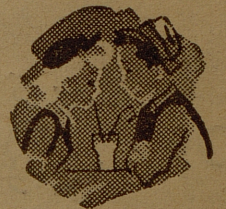
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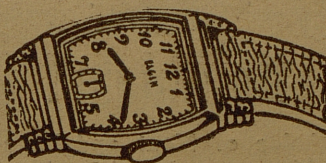
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The Main Column

Roosevelt would start off with "My friends," but a gossip writer has no friends, and I'm for Willie—

I understand that as soon as it came out in the Papoose that Melba Jo was wearing a fraternity pin, she sent it back. I guess you know, Miss Watson, it's people like you that gossip columnists hate.

A twosome brought over from high school which has heretofore gone unheralded and unsung: Katherine Manning and Louis Whisenant.

And Feder has joined the army. Oh, Marcia! (I know this won't pass the Hicks - Moneysmith Board of Censors.)

Emma Jean looks so cute in her little red jumper. Joe Bailes says he thinks so, too.

Lou Davidson and King Huffman high-hatted Tyler for Shreveport last Sunday. Evidently he doesn't know he could be arrested for kidnapping by taking her across the state line.

Mystery of the month is how Leon Mitchell, basketball player from Martin Mills, got Mari-anna Wilson's phone number. She didn't tell him and it isn't in the directory. The boy must have initiative!

Betty Wood spent the week end in Hamilton. (His name is

Vernon Gene, but they call him "Scroochie.")

And there was the one about the man who got married and compared it to closing a window: Something to keep him out of the draft.

The Doggerel Column

No, no . . . we'll roam no more by the light of yon moon,

For the hated beast has come, huzza, our peaceful

Slumbers doth steal. Our hearts fear the fateful doom.

No more the peaceful valley to no more the hall.

No more the mountain and the wood, no more the still . . .

We'll go no more a-wanderin' . . . no, oh, o-no.

For now we go to T.J.C. and take a horrid course—

The math and science and logic and things . . .

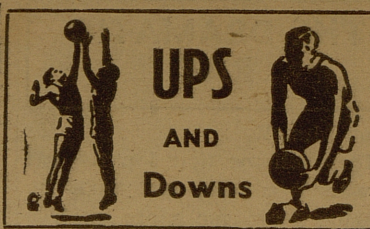
These full well interrupt our lovely flings . . .

This is not epic nor yet an ode . . . I really couldn't name it

But for the mood and confusion . . . I most certainly shall frame it.

—Adrah Hicks—At the zero hour.

Wanted: Nothing, I'm satisfied. Bernard Clayton.



The Tyler Lions showed unexpected strength and a very excellent passing attack as they ran up a first-half 33-to-0 score against Athens last week. Of course, the last half saw very little in Athens' favor, as the final score was 39 to 6. This score added to their 28-to-0 conquest of Jacksonville gives a total of 67 to 6, which is not bad in two games.

The Lions invade Corsicana tonight to engage the highly touted Tigers. Corsicana will be playing for a win, since their 6-to-0 upset defeat by Bryan last week.

The Apaches are due to start practice in a couple of weeks and everyone is looking forward to a successful season. With five lettermen and seven very promising newcomers, Coach Will Ward believes this year's team will be as good if not better than the teams of the preceding years.

There has been some talk of organizing an anti-Engineers Club in T.J.C. Since the majority of students are pre-engineers everyone else would be eligible for this club. Probably be a good idea.

Now back to football, which is certainly the main issue of the day. On Oct. 11, which is a week from today, Tyler plays Arlington Heights of Fort Worth, one of the top-ranking teams of the state at present. Undeclared and untied, they rank among the top ten teams in the state now. This game and the one with Corsicana tonight should give the fans an idea of the strength of the Lions. If they win they'll surprise a lot of people, but not us. We don't believe it'll surprise Coach Ed Hennig, either.

Incidentally Billy (Snag) Flanagan, ex-Lion tackle, is now yell leader for the Jacksonville Indians. When interviewed during the half of the Jacksonville-Tyler game, he admitted he felt "sorta" funny leading yells against Tyler. He said he believed Tyler had as good a team as last year and that he hoped we went a long way in the state race. He also said to tell everybody that he has a new tooth. It's a very pretty gold-plated affair, too!

Everyone thinks that the Tyler fullback, Charles Hammett, is pretty big, as he weighs 180 pounds, but the Corsicana full will outweigh him 43 pounds and will probably deal the Tyler line plenty of misery.

Since the band and Blue Brigade are not going to Corsicana, there will be no special but, according to rumors going around, quite a number of fans will go by car. There should be quite a crowd of loyal fans to greet the Lions when they come out on the field tonight.

The Farm Kid—

Continued From Page 3

I dropped in over at Miss Brandenburg's house last Saturday nite an' I shure did enjoy myself. She's one uv my favorites, anyhow. I seen King Huffman ther an' I seen Martha Jo Hawes with Gibson and Bill, an' I seen Lucille an' Arthur Williams, an' I seen Miss Mary Henderson (she shore wuz purty, too, all dolled up in the long dress and she give me sumpin' ta eat too), an' I seen th' prettiest house I've seen in ages. Thet Lucille W. had her eye on th' fireplace, while I wuz wonderin' whether I aut ta except thet fourth helpin' uv refreshments thet Miss Mary wuz tryin' ta get me ta eat . . . so I fergot ta watch th' gal any more. I enjoyed it all, anyhow. I shore did lik thet b's white, smooth waterin' trough she had in thet little room upstairs. Ya kno, ya didn't even hav ta draw th' water. Ya jist twisted a liddle dojinger and they had somebody else draw th' water an' pour it onta you thru a pipe. I don't kno how he could tell when I uz turnin' th' knob. I bet ole Neb shure would like thet hot water in th' winter time. Th' only thing, I don't kno how I ud ever git him ta climb them stairs. An' thet back yard may be big enough ta hav a few friends fer a little lawn party, but ole Neb ud eat th' grass fro you cud say, "A skunk sat on a stump." So I guess I won't move in with Miss Brandenburg, even if I wud lik to. I ain't been eatin' in th' cafeteria. I heerd thet th' people thet

THIS PAPER WILL NOT TOLERATE ANY FIFTH COLUMN

eats down there is all got garments, an' so me an' ole Neb go home ta eat. Ya kno I heard thet James Turner said I uz stingy. He sed thet I uz so stingy thet I wooden giv a nickel ta see a ant eat a bale uv hay. Well, maybe I wooden, but I ain't si tite thet I ud be a scared ta give a sick baby a doctor's phone number. Well, We'll let it pass at thet. But 'fore I go, let me say jist one thing, "I've injoyd th' convershun even tho it has been a little one-sidid." So long, TH' FARM KID.

Breezy Breezes—

Continued From Page 2

wrong there, too . . . Our higher ups advise us to watch for general shake-ups in the field of romance.

Virginia Pinkerton has a Wichita Falls interest.

Bill Kortman has a corner on the Doris Greer stock.

Fred Zorn, we think, has a complex—de champ to his intimates—is back. So what, she has him, doesn't she?

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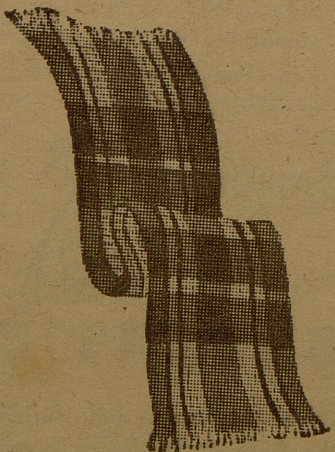
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